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THE JUDGMENT OF HERCULES,

A

POEM.

Inscrib'd to

GEORGE LYTTELTON *Esq*;

——— *Vitanda est improba Siren*
DESIDIA. HOR.

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LONDON:

GEORGE FALLERON EX?

HERCULES

OF

THE

THE

Judgment of *Hercules*,

A

POEM.

To Mr. LYTTELTON.

WHILE blooming Spring deſcends from [genial Skies,
By whoſe mild Influence inſtant Wonders [riſe;
From whoſe ſoft Breath *Elyſian* Beauties flow;
The Sweets of HAGLEY, or the Pride of STOWE;
Will LYTTELTON the rural Landſkip range,
Leave noiſy Fame, and not regret the Change?
Pleas'd will He tread the Garden's early Scenes,
And learn a *Moral* from the riſing Greens?

There, warm'd alike by *Sol*'s enliv'ning Pow'r,
The Weed, aſpiring, emulates the Flow'r:
The drooping Flow'r, its fairer Charms diſplay'd,
Invites, from grateful Hands, their gen'rous Aid:
Soon, if none check th' *invaſive Foe*'s Deſigns,
The lively Luſtre of theſe Scenes declines!

'Tis thus, the *Spring* of Youth, the *Morn* of Life,
Rears in our Minds the rival Seeds of Strife.
Then *Paſſion* riots, *Reaſon* then contends;
And, on the Conqueſt, ev'ry Bliſs depends:
Life, from the nice Deciſion, takes its Hue:
And bleſt thoſe Judges who decide like You!
On Worth like theirs ſhall ev'ry Bliſs attend:
The World their Fav'rite, and the World their [Friend.

There *are*, who blind to Thought's fatiguing Ray,
As *Fortune* gives Examples, urge their Way:

Not

Not *Virtue*'s Foes, tho' they her Paths decline;
And ſcarce her Friends, tho' with her Friends they [join,
In Her's, or *Vice*'s caſual Road advance
Thoughtleſs, the Sinners of the Saints of Chance!
Yet ſome more nobly ſcorn the vulgar Voice;
With Judgment fix, with Zeal purſue their Choice,
When ripen'd Thought, when *Reaſon* born to reign,
Checks the wild Tumults of the youthful Vein;
While *Paſſion*'s lawleſs Tides, at *their* Command,
Glide thro' more uſeful Tracts, and bleſs the Land.

Happieſt of *Theſe* is HE whoſe matchleſs Mind,
By Learning ſtrengthen'd, and by Taſte refin'd,
In *Virtue*'s Cauſe eſſay'd its earlieſt Pow'rs;
Choſe *Virtue*'s Paths, and ſtrew'd her Paths with [Flow'rs.
The firſt alarm'd, if *Freedom* waves her Wings:
The fitteſt to adorn each Art *ſhe* brings:

Lov'd by that Prince whom ev'ry Virtue fires:
Prais'd by that Bard whom ev'ry Muſe inſpires:
Bleſt in the tuneful Art, the ſocial Flame;
In all that wins, in all that merits Fame!

'Twas Youth's perplexing Stage his Doubts in-
[ſpir'd,
When great *Alcides* to a Grove retir'd.
Thro' the lone Windings of a devious Glade,
Reſign'd to Thought, with ling'ring Steps He ſtray'd;
Bleſt with a Mind to taſte ſincerer Joys:
Arm'd with a Heart each falſe one to deſpiſe.
Dubious He ſtray'd, with wav'ring Thoughts poſſeſt
Alternate Paſſions ſtruggling ſhar'd his Breaſt;
The various Arts which human Cares divide,
In deep Attention all his Mind employ'd:
Anxious, if *Fame* an equal Bliſs ſecur'd;
Or ſilent *Eaſe* with ſofter Charms allur'd.

The ſilvan Choir whoſe Numbers ſweetly flow'd,
The Fount that murmur'd, and the Flow'rs that [blow'd;
The ſilver *Flood* that in Meanders led
His glitt'ring Streams along th' enliven'd Mead;
The ſoothing Breeze, and all thoſe Beauties join'd,
Which, whilſt they pleaſe, effeminate the Mind.
In vain! while diſtant, on a Summit rais'd,
Th' imperial Tow'rs of *Fame* attractive blaz'd.

While thus He trac'd thro' Fancy's puzzling Maze
The ſep'rate Sweets of Pleaſure, and of Praiſe;
Sudden the Wind a fragrant Gale convey'd,
And a new Luſtre gain'd upon the Shade.
At once, before his wond'ring Eyes were ſeen
Two female *Forms*, of more than mortal Mien.
Various their Charms; and, in their Dreſs and Face,
Each ſeem'd to vie with with ſome *peculiar* Grace.

This, whoſe Attire leſs clogg'd with Art appear'd,
The ſimple Sweets of Innocence endear'd.
Her ſprightly Bloom, her quick ſagacious Eye,
Shew'd native Merit mix'd with Modeſty.
Her Air diffus'd a mild yet awful Ray,
Severely ſweet, and innocently gay:
Such the chaſte Image of the *martial Maid*,
In artleſs Folds of virgin White array'd!
She let no borrow'd Roſe her Cheeks adorn,
Her bluſhing Cheeks, that ſham'd the purple Morn.
Her Charms nor *had*, nor *wanted* artful Foils,
Or ſtudy'd Geſtures, or well-practis'd Smiles.
She ſcorn'd the Toys which render Beauty leſs;
She prov'd th'engaging Chaſtity of Dreſs;
And while She choſe in native Charms to ſhine,
Ev'n thus She ſeem'd, nay more than ſeem'd, divine.
One modeſt Em'rald claſp'd the Robe She wore,
And, in her Hand, th' *imperial Sword* She bore.

Sublime

Sublime her Height, majeſtic was her Pace,
And match'd the awful Honours of her Face.
The Shrubs, the Flow'rs, that deck'd the verdant [Ground,
Seem'd, where She trod, with riſing Luſtre crown'd.
Still her Approach with ſtronger Influence warm'd;
She *pleas'd*, while diſtant, but, when near, She [*charm'd*.
So ſtrikes the Gazer's Eye, the ſilver Gleam
That glitt'ring quivers o'er a diſtant Stream:
But from its Banks we ſee new Beauties riſe,
And, in its cryſtal Boſom, trace the Skies.

With other Charms the Rival Viſion glow'd;
And from her Dreſs *her* tinſel Beauties flow'd.
A flutt'ring Robe her pamper'd Shape conceal'd,
And ſeem'd to ſhade the Charms it *beſt* reveal'd.
Its Form, contriv'd her faulty Size to grace;
Its Hue, to give freſh Luſtre to her Face.

Her plaited Hair diſguis'd with *Brilliants* glar'd;
Her Cheeks the *Ruby*'s neighb'ring Luſtre ſhar'd;
The gawdy *Topaz* lent its gay Supplies,
And ev'ry Gem that ſtrikes leſs curious Eyes;
Expos'd her Breaſt with *foreign* Sweets perfum'd;
And, round her Brow, a roſeate Garland bloom'd.
Soft-ſmiling, bluſhing Lips conceal'd her Wiles;
Yet ah! the Bluſhes *artful* as the Smiles.
Oft-gazing on her Shade, th' enraptur'd Fair
Decreed the *Subſtance* well deſerv'd her Care:
Her Thoughts, to other's Charms malignly blind,
Center'd in *that*, and were to *that* confin'd;
And if on other's Eyes a Glance were thrown,
'Twas but to watch the Influence of her own.
Much like her *Guardian*, fair *Cythera*'s Queen,
When for her *Warrior* ſhe refines her Mien;
Or when, to bleſs her *Delian Fav'rite*'s Arms,
The radiant Fair invigorates her Charms.

Much

Much like her Pupil, *Egypt*'s ſportive Dame,
Her Dreſs expreſſive, and her Air the ſame,
When her gay Bark o'er ſilver *Cydnos* roll'd,
And all th' emblazon'd Streamers wav'd in Gold.
Such ſhone the Viſion; nor forbore, to move,
The fond contagious Airs of lawleſs Love.
Each wanton Eye deluding Glances fir'd,
And am'rous Dimples on each Cheek conſpir'd.
Lifeleſs her Gait, and ſlow, with ſeeming Pain,
She dragg'd her loitering Limbs along the Plain;
Yet made ſome faint Efforts, and firſt approach'd [the Swain.
So glaring *Draughts*, with tawdry Luſtre bright,
Spring to the View, and ruſh upon the Sight:
More ſlowly charms a *Raphael*'s chaſter Air,
Waits the calm Search, and pays the Searcher's Care.

Wrapt in a pleas'd Suſpenſe, the Youth ſurvey'd
The various Charms of each attractive Maid:

Alternate

Alternate each He view'd, and each admir'd,
And found, alternate, varying Flames inſpir'd.
Quick o'er their Forms his Eyes with Pleaſure ran,
When She, who firſt approach'd him, firſt began.

" Hither, dear Boy, direct thy wand'ring Eyes;
'Tis here the lovely Vale of *Pleaſure* lies.
Debate no more, to Me thy Life reſign;
Each Sweet which *Nature* can diffuſe is mine.
For me the Nymph diverſifies her Pow'r,
Springs in a Tree, or bloſſoms in a Flow'r;
To pleaſe my Ear, ſhe tunes the Linnet's Strains;
To pleaſe my Eye, with Lilies paints the Plains;
To form my Couch, in moſſy Beds She grows;
To gratify my Smell, perfumes the Roſe;
Reveals the *fair*, the *fertile* Scene you ſee,
And ſwells the vegetable World, for Me.

Let

Let the gull'd Fool the Toils of War purſue,
Where bleed the Many to enrich the Few:
Where *Chance* from Courage claims the boaſted [Prize;
Where, tho' *She* give, your Country oft denies.
Induſtrious Thou ſhalt *Cupid*'s Wars maintain,
And ever gently fight *his* ſoft Campaign.
His Darts alone ſhalt wield, *his* Wounds endure,
Yet only ſuffer, to enjoy the Cure.
Yield but to me —— a Choir of Nymphs ſhall riſe,
And fire thy Breaſt, and bleſs thy raviſh'd Eyes.
Their beauteous Cheeks a fairer Roſe ſhall wear,
A brighter Lily on their Necks appear;
Where fondly Thou thy favour'd Head ſhalt reſt,
Soft as the Down that ſwells the Cygnet's Neſt!
While *Philomel* in each ſoft Voice complains,
And gently lulls Thee with mellifluous Strains:

Whilſt,

Whilſt, with each Accent, ſweeteſt Odours flow;
And ſpicy Gums round ev'ry Boſom glow.
Not the fam'd Bird *Arabian* Climes admire,
Shall in ſuch Luxury of Sweets expire.
At SLOTH let War's victorious Sons exclaim;
In vain! for PLEASURE is my real Name:
Nor envy Thou the Head with Bays o'er-grown;
No, ſeek Thou Roſes to adorn thy own:
For well each op'ning Scene, that claims my Care,
Suits and deſerves the beauteous Crown I wear.

Let others prune the Vine; the genial Bowl
Shall crown thy Table, and enlarge thy Soul.
Let vulgar Hands explore the Brilliant Mine,
So the *gay Produce* glitter ſtill on Thine.
Indulgent *Bacchus* loads his lab'ring Tree,
And, guarding, gives its cluſt'ring Sweets to me.

For

For my lov'd Train, *Apollo*'s piercing Beam
Darts thro' the paſſive Glebe, and frames the Gem;
See in my Cauſe conſenting Gods employ'd,
Nor ſlight thoſe Gods, their Bleſſings unenjoy'd!
For Thee the Poplar ſhall its Amber drain;
For Thee, in clouded Beauty, ſpring the Cane;
Some coſtly Tribute ev'ry Clime ſhall pay;
Some charming Treaſure ev'ry Wind convey;
Each Object round ſome pleaſing Scene ſhall yield;
Art build thy Dome, while *Nature* decks thy Field;
Of *Corinth*'s Order ſhall the *Structure* riſe;
The ſpiring Turrets glitter thro' the Skies;
Thy coſtly Robe ſhall glow with *Tyrian* Rays;
Thy Vaſe ſhall ſparkle, and thy Car ſhall blaze;
Yet Thou, whatever Pomp the *Sun* diſplay,
Shalt own the am'rous Night exceeds the Day.

When

When melting Flutes, and ſweetly-ſounding Lyres
Wake the gay *Loves*, and cite the young *Deſires*;
Or, in th' *Ionian* Dance, ſome fav'rite Maid
Improves the Flame her ſparkling Eyes convey'd;
Think, canſt Thou quit a glowing *Delia*'s Arms,
To feed on VIRTUE's viſionary Charms?
Or ſlight the Joys which Wit and Youth engage,
For the faint Honour of a frozen Sage?
To find dull *Envy* ev'n *that* Hope deface,
And, where you toil'd for Glory, reap Diſgrace?

O! think that *Beauty* waits on thy Decree,
And thy lov'd loveliеſt Charmer pleads with Me.
She, whoſe ſoft Smile, or gentler Glance to move,
You vow'd the wild Extremities of Love;
In whoſe Endearments Years, like Moments, flew;
For whoſe Endearments Millions ſeem'd too few;

She,

She, She implores; ſhe bids Thee ſeize the Prime,
And tread with her the flow'ry Tracts of Time;
Nor thus her lovely Bloom of Life beſtow
On ſome cold Lover, or inſulting Foe.
Think, if againſt that Tongue Thou canſt rebell,
Where Love yet dwelt, and reaſon ſeem'd to dwell;
What ſtrong Perſuaſion arms her ſofter ſighs!
What full Conviction ſparkles in her Eyes!

See Nature ſmiles, and Birds ſalute the Shade,
Where breathing Jaſmin ſkreens the ſleeping Maid:
And ſuch her Charms, as to the *Vain* may prove,
Ambition ſeeks more humble Joys than Love!
There buſy Toil ſhall ne'er invade thy Reign,
Nor *Sciences* perplex thy lab'ring Brain:
Or None, but what with equal Sweets invite;
Nor other *Arts*, but to prolong Delight:
Sometimes thy *Fancy* prune her tender Wing,
To praiſe a *Pendant*, or to grace a *Ring*;

To

To fix the Dreſs that ſuits each varying Mien;
To ſhew where beſt the cluſt'ring Gems are ſeen;
To ſigh ſoft Strains along the vocal Grove,
And tell the Charms, the ſweet Effects of Love!
Nor fear to find a coy diſdainful Muſe;
Nor think *the Siſters* will *their* Aid refuſe.
Cool Grots, and tinkling Rills, or ſilent Shades,
Soft Scenes of Leiſure! ſuit th' harmonious Maids;
And all the *Wiſe*, and all the *Grave* decree
Some of that *ſacred Train* ally'd to Me.

But if more *ſpecious* Eaſe thy Wiſhes claim,
And thy Breaſt glow with faint Deſire of Fame,
Some ſofter Science ſhall thy Thoughts amuſe,
And LEARNING's Name a ſolemn Sound diffuſe:
To Thee all Nature's *curious* Stores I'll bring,
Explain the Beauties of an Inſect's Wing;

The

The Plant, which Nature, leſs diffuſely kind,
Has to few Climes with partial Care confin'd;
The Shell ſhe ſcatters with more careleſs Air,
And, in her *Frolics*, ſeems ſupremely fair;
The *Worth* that dazles in the *Tulip*'s Stains,
Or lurks beneath a *Pebble*'s various Veins.

Sleep's downy God, averſe to War's Alarms,
Shall o'er thy Head diffuſe his ſofteſt Charms;
E'er anxious Thought thy dear Repoſe aſſail,
Or CARE, my moſt deſtructive Foe, prevail.
The watr'y Nymphs ſhall tune the vocal Vales,
And gentle *Zephyrs* harmonize their Gales,
For thy Repoſe, inform, with rival Joy,
Their Streams to murmur, and their Winds to ſigh;
Thus ſhalt thou ſpend the ſweetly-flowing Day,
Till loſt in Bliſs thou breathe thy *Soul* away:

Till *She* t'*Elyſian* Bow'rs of Joy repair,
Nor find my charming Scenes exceeded there."

She ceas'd; and on a Lily'd Bank reclin'd,
Her flowing Robe wav'd wanton with the Wind:
One tender Hand her drooping Head ſuſtains;
One points, expreſſive, to the flow'ry Plains.
Soon the fond Youth perceiv'd her Influence roll
Deep in his Breaſt, to melt his manly Soul:
As when *Favonius* joins the Solar Blaze,
And each fair Fabric of the Froſt decays.
Soon, to his Breaſt, the ſoft Harangue convey'd
Reſolves too partial to the ſpecious Maid.
He ſigh'd, He gaz'd, ſo ſweetly ſmil'd the Dame;
Yet ſighing, gazing, ſeem'd to ſcorn his Flame;
And, oft as VIRTUE caught his wand'ring Eye,
A crimſon Bluſh condemn'd the riſing Sigh.

'Twas

'Twas ſuch the ling'ring *Trojan*'s Shame betray'd,
When *Maia*'s Son the Frowns of *Jove* diſplay'd:
When Wealth, Fame, Empire, cou'd no Ballance
For the ſoft Reign of *Dido*, and of Love. [prove
Thus ill with arduous Glory Love conſpires;
Soft tender Flames with bold impetuous Fires!

Some hov'ring Doubts his anxious Boſom mov'd,
And VIRTUE, zealous Fair! thoſe Doubts improv'd.

" Fly, fly, fond Youth, the too indulgent Maid,
Nor err, by ſuch fantaſtic Scenes betray'd.
Tho' in my Path the rugged Thorn be ſeen,
And the dry Turf diſcloſe a fainter Green;
Tho' no gay Roſe, or flow'ry Product ſhine,
The *barren* Surface ſtill conceals the Mine.
Each Thorn that threatens, ev'n the Weed that grows
In *Virtue*'s Path, ſuperior Sweets beſtows——

Yet ſhou'd thoſe boaſted, ſpecious Toys allure,
Whence cou'd fond SLOTH the flatt'ring Gifts pro-
[cure?
The various Wealth that tempts thy fond Deſire,
'Tis I alone, her greateſt Foe, acquire.
I from old Ocean rob the treaſur'd Store;
I thro' each Region, latent Gems explore;
'Twas I the rugged Brilliant firſt reveal'd,
By num'rous *Strata* deep in Earth conceal'd;
'Tis I the Surface yet refine, and ſhew
The modeſt Gem's intrinſic Charms to glow.
Nor ſwells the Grape, nor ſpires its feeble Tree
Without the firm Supports of INDUSTRY.

But grant we SLOTH the Scene herſelf has drawn,
The moſſy Grotto, and the flow'ry Lawn;
Let *Philomela* tune th' harmonious Gale,
And with each Breeze eternal Sweets exhale;

Let

Let gay *Pomona* ſlight the Plains around,
And chuſe, for faireſt Fruits, the favour'd Ground;
To bleſs the fertile Soil ſhou'd VIRTUE ceaſe,
Nor moſſy Grots, nor flow'ry Lawns cou'd pleaſe;
Nor gay *Pomona*'s luſcious Gifts avail,
The Sound harmonious, or the ſpicy Gale.

Seeſt Thou yon Rocks in dreadful Pomp ariſe,
Whoſe rugged Cliffs deform th' encircling Skies?
Thoſe Fields, whence *Phœbus* all their Moiſture [drains,
And, too profuſely fond, diſrobes the Plains?
When I vouchſafe to tread the barren Soil,
Thoſe Rocks ſeem lovely, and thoſe Deſerts ſmile.
The *Form* thou view'ſt, to ev'ry Scene with Eaſe
Transfers its Charms, and ev'ry Scene can pleaſe.
When I have on thoſe pathleſs Wilds appear'd,
And the lone Wand'rer with my Preſence chear'd;

Thoſe Cliffs the Exile has with Pleaſure view'd,
And call'd that Deſert bliſsful Solitude!

Nor I alone to ſuch extend my Care:
Fair-blooming HEALTH ſurveys her Altars there.
Brown EXERCISE will lead thee where She reigns,
And with reflected Luſtre gild the Plains.
With Her, in Flow'r of Youth, and Beauty's Pride,
Her Offspring, calm CONTENT and PEACE, reſide.
One ready Off'ring ſuits each neighb'ring Shrine;
And all obey their Laws, who practiſe mine.

But HEALTH averſe from SLOTH's ſmooth Re-
[gion flies,
And, in *her* Abſence, PLEASURE droops and dies.
Her bright Companions, MIRTH, DELIGHT, RE-
[POSE,
Smile where *She* ſmiles, and ſicken when ſhe goes.
A *Galaxy* of Pow'rs! whoſe Forms appear
For ever beauteous, and for ever near.

Nor

Nor will ſoft SLEEP to SLOTH's Requeſt incline,
He from her Couches flies unbid to mine.

Vain is the ſparkling Bowl, the warbling Strain,
Th' incentive Song, the labour'd Viand vain!
Where She relentleſs reigns without Controul,
And checks each gay Excurſion of the Soul:
Unmov'd, tho' Beauty, deck'd in all its Charms,
Grace the rich Couch, and ſpread the ſofteſt Arms:
Till joyleſs *Indolence* ſuggeſts Deſires;
Or Drugs are ſought to furniſh languid Fires:
Such languid Fires as on the Vitals prey,
Barren of Bliſs, but fertile of Decay.
As artful Heats, apply'd to thirſty Lands,
Produce no Flow'rs, and but debaſe the Sands.

But let fair HEALTH her chearing Smiles im-
[part,
How ſweet is Nature, how ſuperfluous Art!
Tis She the Fountain's ready Draught commends,
And ſmooths the flinty couch which Fortune lends.
And, when my Heroe from his Toils retires,
Fills his gay Boſom with unuſual Fires:
And, while no Checks th' unbounded Joy reprove,
Aids and refines the genuine Sweets of Love.
His faireſt Proſpect riſing Trophies frame:
His ſweeteſt Muſic is the Voice of Fame;
Pleaſures to SLOTH unknown! She never found
How fair the Proſpect, or how ſweet the Sound.

See FAME's gay Structure from yon Summit
[charms,
And fires the manly Breaſt to Arts or Arms:
Nor dread the ſteep Aſcent, by which you riſe
From grov'ling Vales to Tow'rs which reach the
[Skies.
Love,

Love, Fame, Eſteem, 'tis Labour muſt acquire;
The ſmiling Offspring of a rigid Sire!
To fix the Friend, your Service muſt be ſhewn;
All, e'er they love your Merit, lov'd their own.
That wond'ring *Greece* your Portrait may admire,
That tuneful Bards may ſtring for you their Lyre,
That Books may praiſe, or Coins record your Name,
Such, ſuch Rewards 'tis TOIL alone can claim!
And the ſame Column which diſplays to view
The Conq'ror's Name, diſplays the Conqueſt too.

'Twas ſlow EXPERIENCE, tedious Miſtreſs! [taught
All that e'er nobly ſpoke, or bravely fought.
'Twas She the *Patriot*, She the *Bard* refin'd,
In Arts that ſerve, protect, or pleaſe Mankind.
Not the vain Viſions of inactive *Schools*;
Not *Fancy*'s Maxims, not *Opinion*'s Rules

E'er

E'er form'd the Man whoſe gen'rous Warmth ex-
[tends
T' enrich his Country, or engage his Friends.
On *active* Worth the Laurel War beſtows:
Peace rears her Olive for induſtrious Brows:
Nor Earth, uncultur'd, yields its kind Supplies:
Nor Heav'n, its Show'rs without a Sacrifice ——

See far below ſuch grov'ling Scenes of Shame,
As lull to reſt IGNAVIA's ſlumb'ring Dame.
Her Friends, from all the Toils of Fame ſecure,
Alas! *inglorious*, greater Toils endure.
Doom'd all to mourn, who in her Cauſe engage,
A Youth enervate, and a painful Age!
A ſickly ſapleſs Maſs, if Reaſon flies;
And, if She linger, impotently wiſe!
A thoughtleſs Train, who pamper'd, ſleek, and gay
Invite *old Age*, and revel *Youth* away;

From

From Life's freſh Vigour move the Load of Care,
And idly place it where they leaſt can bear.
When to the Mind, diſeas'd, for Aid they fly,
What kind Reflection ſhall the Mind ſupply?
When, with loſt Health, what ſhou'd the Loſs allay,
PEACE, PEACE is loſt: a comfortleſs Decay!
But to my Friends, when *Youth*, when *Pleaſure* [flies,
And Earth's dim Beauties fade before their Eyes,
Thro' Death's dark *Viſto* flow'ry Tracts are ſeen,
Elyſian Plains, and Groves for ever green.
If o'er their Lives a refluent Glance they caſt,
Their's is the preſent who can praiſe the paſt.
Life has its Bliſs for *Theſe*, when paſt its Bloom,
As wither'd Roſes yield a late Perfume.

Serene, and ſafe from *Paſſion*'s ſtormy Rage,
How calm they glide into the Port of Age!

Of

Of the rude Voyage leſs *depriv'd* than *eas'd*;
More *tir'd* than *pain'd*, and *weaken'd* than *diſeas'd*.
For Health on Age, 'tis *Temp'rance* muſt beſtow;
And *Peace* from *Piety* alone can flow;
And all the Incenſe bounteous *Jove* requires,
Has Sweets for Him who feeds the ſacred Fires---

SLOTH views the Tow'rs of *Fame* with *envious* [Eyes;
Deſirous ſtill, ſtill impotent to riſe.
Oft, when reſolv'd to gain thoſe bliſsful Tow'rs,
The penſive Queen the dire Aſcent explores,
Comes onward, wafted by the balmy Trees,
Some ſilvan Muſic, or ſome ſcented Breeze:
She turns her Head, her own gay Realm ſhe ſpies,
And all the ſhort-liv'd Reſolution dies.
Thus ſome fond Inſect's fault'ring Pinions wave,
Claſp'd in its fav'rite Sweets, a laſting Slave:

And

And thus in vain theſe charming Viſions pleaſe
The *Wretch* of Glory, and the *Slave* of Eaſe:
Doom'd ever in ignoble State to pine,
Boaſt her own Scenes, and languiſh after mine.

But ſhun her Snares: nor let the World exclaim,
Thy Birth, which *was* thy Glory, prov'd thy Shame.
With early Hope thine infant Actions fir'd;
Let Manhood crown what Infancy inſpir'd.
Let gen'rous Toils reward with Health thy Days,
Prolong thy Prime, and eternize thy Praiſe.
The bold Exploit that charms th' atteſting Age,
To lateſt Times ſhall gen'rous Hearts engage;
And with that Myrtle ſhall thy Shrine be crown'd,
With which, alive, thy graceful Brows were bound:
Till Time ſhall bid thy Virtues freely bloom,
And raiſe a *Temple*, where it found a *Tomb*.

Then in their Feaſts thy Name ſhall *Grecians* [join;
Shall pour the ſparkling Juice to *Jove*'s and thine.
Thine, us'd in War, ſhall raiſe their native Fire;
Thine, us'd in Peace, their mutual Faith inſpire.
Dullneſs perhaps thro' want of Sight, may blame,
And Spleen, with odious Induſtry, defame;
And That, the Honours giv'n, with Wonder view,
And This, in ſecret Sadneſs, own them due:
Contempt and Envy were by Fate deſign'd
The rival Tyrants which divide Mankind:
Contempt, which none, but who deſerve, can bear;
While Envy's Wounds the Smiles of Fame repair.
For know, the *Gen'rous* thine Exploits ſhall fire,
Thine ev'ry Friend it ſuits Thee to require,
Lov'd by the Gods, and, till their Seats I ſhew,
Lov'd by the Good their Images below."

Ceaſe

Ceaſe lovely Maid, fair Daughter of the Skies!
My Guide! my Queen! th' extatic Youth replies.
In Thee I trace a Form deſign'd for Sway;
Which Chiefs may court, and Kings with Pride [obey.
And, by thy bright immortal Friends I ſwear,
Thy fair Idea ſhall no Toils impair.
Lead me! O lead me where whole Hoſts of Foes,
Thy Form depreciate, and thy Friends oppoſe!
Welcome all Toils th' inequal Fates decree,
While Toils endear thy faithful Charge to Thee.
Such be my Cares, to bind th' oppreſſive Hand,
And cruſh the Fetters of an injur'd Land:
To ſee the Monſter's noxious Life reſign'd,
And Tyrants quell'd, the Monſters of Mankind!
Nature ſhall ſmile to view the vanquiſh'd *Brood*,
And *None*, but *Envy*, riot unſubdu'd.

In

In cloiſter'd State let ſelfiſh Sages dwell,
Proud that their Heart is narrow as their Cell;
And boaſt their mazy Labyrinth of Rules,
Far leſs the Friends of Virtue, than the Fools:
Yet ſuch in vain *thy* fav'ring Smiles pretend;
For HE is *thine*, who proves his Country's Friend.
Thus when my Life well-ſpent the Good enjoy,
And the mean Envious labour to deſtroy;
When, ſtrongly lur'd by *Fame*'s contiguous Shrine,
I yet devote my choicer Vows to *Thine*;
If all my Toils thy promis'd Favour claim,
O lead thy Fav'rite thro' the Gates of *Fame!*

He ceas'd his Vows, and, with diſdainful Air,
He turn'd to blaſt the late exulting Fair.
But vaniſh'd, fled to ſome more friendly Shore,
The conſcious *Phantom*'s Beauty pleas'd no more:
Convinc'd,

Convinc'd, her ſpurious Charms of Dreſs and Face
Claim'd a quick Conqneſt, or a ſure Diſgrace.
Fantaſtic Pow'r! whoſe tranſient Charms allur'd,
While Error's Miſt the reas'ning Mind obſcur'd:
Not ſuch the Victreſs, Virtue's conſtant Queen
Endur'd the Teſt of Truth, and dar'd be ſeen.
Her *bright'ning* Form and Features ſeem'd to own,
'Twas all her Wiſh, her Int'reſt to be known:
And, when his longing View the Fair declin'd,
Left a full Image of her Charms behind.

Thus reigns the Moon, with furtive Splendor [crown'd,
While Glooms oppreſs us, and thick Shades ſurround.
But let the Source of Light its Beams diſplay,
Languid and faint the mimic Flames decay,
And all the ſick'ning Splendor fades away.

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